

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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No. 10

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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PRAISE PERFECTED BY HOLINESS.

Oh, wherefore, Lord, doth thy dear praise
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress?
Thy broken law doth dull me so;
My sins thy praise oppress.

Oh, make me, Lord, thy statutes learn!
Keep in thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn;
Then shall my songs be sweet.

Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

My voice shall more delight thine ear,
The more I wait on thee:
Thy service bring my soul more near
The angelic harmony.

Oh, wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?

Thy will they work, thy law they love,
Those tuneful Seraphim.

Oh, when shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine?
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

— T. H. Gill.

TAKE THE DAYS ONE BY ONE.

The secret of true living is to be found in making the most of each day. We are putting yesterday to its truest and noblest use when we are using its experience to make the life of to-day better. We are preparing for the morrow in the truest and noblest way when we are striving with all our might to be faithful to the opportunity of to-day.

To-day is the supreme and critical moment of life. Our vital concern is ever with to-day. Life in to-day is a clear and impressive feature of Biblical teaching. The emphasis of both Testaments is on to-day. "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." "We must work while it is day."

"Be not anxious for the morrow" is another great gospel saying. It was spoken to raise the troubled heart above all undue and useless care, and with a view to the concentration of thought and energy on the duty of to-day. It is a word perfectly true and wise. It is folly to try to grasp too much of life at once. To take the days one by one is divine wisdom. A day may seem but a small section of time to measure and command, but it holds about as much care and responsibility as our minds can embrace and bear.

It is by a great perversion that so much of our religious teaching directs our thoughts to the life of to-morrow,—to what follows death. It is plainly not the will of God that we should think much of the here-

after while we are here. There are seasons and pauses in life when "other-worldliness" becomes the most natural and proper mood and habit of the mind; yet frequent and morbid thought about the future is a hindrance, and not a help to sound Christian progress. What we are now in life and character, in our relations to God and man, is the main thing. The future can hold no promise of good save what is laid up by present faithfulness. In quietness and confidence we may leave what is to happen after death to the everlasting Father and Redeemer of souls, while we assure ourselves that the only possible preparation for the worthy use of another life is the worthy use of this life.

Strictly speaking, there can be no special preparation for the future. The whole of life, and not isolated acts, experiences, and hours, is the real preparation. It is by living we prepare to live. He who lives faithfully and well to-day, filling each day with truth and righteousness, love and peace, with honest and earnest labor for God and mankind, has no need or cause to be anxious for the morrow. Whatever happens, it must ever in this world and in all the worlds be well with him.

It is a familiar saying that life is but a day. It is said to express the awful and pathetic brevity of our existence upon this earth. It is the utterance of an impressive truth, common, yet never commonplace. But, when we say each day is a life, we are giving expression to a truth of deeper importance and of greater practical value and use. There is nothing small. In the smallest things are the elements of the greatest. One day of life has in it the quality of the whole. It is grander than we know or can imagine. It has infinite relations. In its acts and relations we see God making history and man making his own future,—making the character which creates condition and decides destiny.

We have in to-day all that men ever had,—the same spiritual resources, the same divine helps. The heavenly realities belong to the present as much as to the past or the future. Loyalty to the laws of the highest growth will make to-day as sacred as yesterday, and one of the days of heaven upon earth. The Eternal Life of the Christian gospel stands not in quantity, but in quality

of years, and is shared by us here according to our faithfulness.

Are we making the most and the best of the opportunities of to-day? Many people are sighing and crying for the larger opportunities to which they expect death will introduce them, who do not know the value of a day. One of our older poets has represented the days as coming to us with their faces veiled; but, when they have passed beyond our reach and call, the draped figures become radiant, and the gifts we slighted are seen to be right royal treasures.

The exhortation, "Prepare to meet thy God," is indeed an exhortation to prepare for life, not death. Every day we need to be prepared to meet him. We prepare for what we suppose to be great days. But every day may be a great day, a divine day. It was on a common day the Saviour of men met Zaccheus on the Jericho road, and said to him, "Come down: this day I must abide at thy house." It was on a common day he met the woman of Samaria at the well, and by his conversation made that day a day of revelation for all the ages. To-day all good and great things are possible. Let us by our faith and faithfulness, by our obedience to all best visions and impulses, turn it into a day of salvation, a day of God, one of the days of the Son of Man, one of the days of heaven upon earth.

It has been a common test of the reality and depth of a man's religious life to be able to say, "I am willing and ready to die"; but a truer and healthier conception has entered into the thoughts of men. It is good to live. In this world and to-day it is good to live. To make this life as great and sacred as it ever can be; to taste as many sweet and solemn joys as we are able; to throw ourselves, mind, heart, and soul, into the work of helping the world and enabling the lives we touch on every side to find and experience the goodness of existence; to bear quietly and bravely the hard and sorrowful realities of our personal lot as the beneficent discipline of Heaven,—this is being more and more clearly seen by us to be the purpose of pure Christianity; and, striving to be obedient to this heavenly vision, we feel that we are making for whatever awaits us beyond the truest and amplest preparation.—*The Christian Life, from a Sermon by Dr. Hunter.*

THE STILL HOUR.

EVENING HYMN.

Lord, have I walked with thee, to-day,
As thine own pilgrims walk ?
Lord, hast thou gladdened all my way,
And mingled with my talk ?

Have I some darling sin defied ?
Some mighty lust o'erthrown ?
Hast thou, dear Lord, thy servant tried,
And found me more thine own ?

Hath my weak, yearning spirit sought
The holy home above ?

Have I for my dear Saviour wrought
Some work of lowly love ?

Hath each sweet visit of thy grace
More grateful found my soul ?
Have the bright shinnings of thy face
Beamed on a heart less dull ?

More steadfast have I sought the right ?
More faithful kept thy way ?
Yes ! shine the hours with holier light
Than beamed from yesterday ?

O faithless heart ! O faltering hands !
O feet so slow to move !
When shall I run at thy commands,
And serve the Lord I love ?

When shall each shining day transcend
The days that went before ?
And to the day that hath no end
Bequeath a holier store ?

— T. H. Gill.

Listen to the voice of God, speaking to our hearts.

My child, it is not wisdom I require of thee : it sufficeth if thou lovest me well.

Hast thou none for whom thou wouldst intercede ? Ask much, fervently. The generous hearts that forget themselves for others are very dear unto me.

Tell me of the poor thou wouldst succor ; the sick thou hast seen suffering ; the sinful thou wouldst reclaim ; the estranged thou wouldst receive to thy heart again.

I have promised to hear all prayers that proceed from the heart, and the prayers offered for one whom thou lovest are sure to be heartfelt and fervent.

Hast thou no favors to ask of me ? Tell me all the wants of thy soul. Tell me simply of all thy pride, self-love, sloth ; and ask for my help, in thy struggles to overcome.

Be not discouraged : many that had the same faults to contend with are now saints in heaven.

They cried to me for help, and by degrees they conquered.

Do not hesitate to ask for temporal blessings,—health, intellect, success. I can bestow them, and never fail to do so when they make the soul more holy. What wouldst thou this day, my child ? If thou didst but know how I long to bless thee !

Hast thou no interests which occupy thy mind ? Wouldst thou give pleasure to thy mother ? to thy family ? those in authority over thee ? What wouldst thou do for them ?

Lay before me thy failures, and I will teach thee the cause.

Whom wouldst thou have to help thee ? The hearts of all are in my keeping, and I lead them gently wheresoever I will. Rest assured, all who are needful to thee I will place around thee.

Tell me of all thy weariness. Who has grieved thee, treated thee with contempt, wounded thy self-love ?

Tell me all, and thou wilt end by saying, All is forgiven, all forgotten ; and I, surely I, will bless thee !

Art thou fearful of the future ? Trust in my providence. I am present with thee ; I know all ; and I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—*Gold Dust.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. ?

The Jamaica Plain Branch offers the following books :—

"Eben Holden," Irving Bacheller ; "Armored of Lyonesse," Walter Besant ; "An Egyptian Princess," Georg Ebers ; "A Modern Telemachus," Charlotte M. Yonge ; "Felix Holt," George Eliot ; "Gallegher, and Other Stories," Richard Harding Davis ; "History of the Empress Josephine," J. S. C. Abbott ; "Knight Errant," Edna Lyall ; "Quits," Baroness Tautphœus ; "St. Kathe-

rine's by the Tower," Walter Besant; "The Bell of St. Paul's," Walter Besant; "The World went Very Well then," Walter Besant; "A Tramp Abroad," Mark Twain; "Vassall Morton," Francis Parkman; "We Two," Edna Lyall. Address Miss A. G. Homes, 902 Centre Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Miss Mary A. Vinal, secretary, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge.

Educational.

"Latin-English Dictionary"; "School History of France," Anderson; "Outlines of English History"; "A Book about Words"; "Our World," I. and II., Mary L. Hall; "History of Rome," Leighton; "History of the United States," Berard; "Swin-ton's School Composition"; "Greek-English Lexicon"; "Cyr's Readers," Parts 1, 2, and 5; "Stepping-stones to Literature"; Longman's "Ship"; "Literary Readers," Books 3, 4; "The New McGuffey Fourth Reader"; "Progressive Course in Reading," Fourth Book; "The Normal Course in Reading."

Miscellaneous.

"Songs of Seven," Jean Ingelow; "Poems," J. R. Lowell; "A Knight Errant," Edna Lyall; "Practical Floriculture"; "Money in the Garden"; "Conversation," A. P. Peabody; "Essays in London and Elsewhere," Henry James; "Spare Hours," John Brown; "The Drama of Glass," Kate Field; "Popular Flowers," "Garden Flowers," E. S. Rand; "Cast up by the Sea"; "The Countess Bettina"; "Tom Cringle's Log"; "Robert Elsmere"; "Silas Marner."

The King's Chapel Branch offers a limited number of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales." Apply to Miss Rachel Brooks, 92 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, care of Samuel Bowles, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

Barnes's "New National Reader," No. 1, "New Normal Second Reader"; "How to Speak and Write Correctly"; Youmans's "First Book of Botany"; Worcester's "Primary Dictionary"; "Modern Europe" (Young Folks' Library); Dickens's "Child's History of England"; "Selections from

Epictetus"; "Selections from Emerson's Poems"; "Selections from Holmes's Poems"; "Rab and his Friends, and Other Papers"; "In His Steps," Sheldon; "Little Prudy's Dotty Dimple"; Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Cricket on the Hearth"; *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for 1902; "The Daisy Chain," Miss Yonge; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; "Christie Johnstone," Charles Reade.

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

My mother is a widow with four children, three girls and one boy, the boy the youngest. We live in a small town, have advantage of the public schools. We are very fond of reading, but mother is not able to buy the books for us to read. A little friend handed me *The Cheerful Letter*. I enjoyed reading it so much. I should enjoy corresponding with some of the sisters of *The Cheerful Letter*. I prefer "Little Women," "Little Men," "Jo's Boys," Miss Alcott's works, but like any books. I will pass them on. I wish some of the kind friends would send the *Ladies' Home Journal* to Mrs. R. M. Henning, Arlington, Tennessee. It will be greatly appreciated, as she has been an invalid for six years and is very fond of reading. I know she will pass on what she receives. Miss Joyce B. Holley, Arlington, Tennessee, Shelby County.

[It is best to give ages in sending requests for children.]

Mrs. Cora L. Lancaster, R. F. D. No. 1, Floyd, Virginia, asks for Johnson's "Second," "Third" and "Fourth Readers," His-

tory of United States for her children, and the *Watchman* for herself.

I have changed my residence; and my post-office is now Davenport, Wash., instead of Lorene, Wash. Have lost the address of the friends that I had been in correspondence with. Will they kindly communicate with me? Would recommend Mrs. Unicy McNew of Davenport, Wash., as worthy of membership in the Book Club. She is a farmer's wife, living seven miles from any town, with three small children that are very fond of stories. She would be thankful for any good reading. I am very thankful for past kindness, and hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will not forget me. Mrs. Hannah Phoe, Davenport, Wash.

Mrs. Alice Reeves, Tom Bean, Texas, thanks those who have sent her reading in the past, and will be glad to receive books or magazines for her children, ages fourteen, twelve, ten, and eight.

[Are they boys or girls?]

Mrs. Ella Halstead, Ainsworth, Nebraska, who is tied closely at home in the country, with fourteen to do for, asks for books of adventure for her three large boys, also books for the daughters.

Mrs. Eugenia Palmer, La Rue, Texas, will be glad of any reading.

I have two little boys, and am trying to send them to school, and would be so glad of some copy books for them. I would like any kind of easy books. Mrs. Amer C. Clifton, Price, North Carolina.

Dora Simpson, Raines, Virginia, will be glad of Johnson's "Fourth Reader," Johnson's "Spelling Book," *Youth's Companion*, and any magazines.

Lizzie Bunton, Mackiesville, Texas, asks for *Youth's Companion*, Sabbath reading, *Saturday Evening Post*, or *Success*.

Mrs. J. M. Carter, Olympia, Washington, asks for "Pilgrim's Progress," Life of Christ, Life of Saint Paul, and "Gospel Hymns No. 2."

Floyd M. Brown, Powersville, Missouri, just up from a second operation, the result of an accident, having had his foot torn off by a horse stepping on his ankle, will be glad of any good reading.

I am fourteen years old. I have come to live with Mrs. Newcomb on a ranch ten miles from San Antonio. As I am one of a large family, and have always lived in town, it is rather lonely here. I should like very much to correspond with some girl about my age. I like to read, and would be very glad to get any good books or papers, such as *Youth's Companion* or *St. Nicholas*. Florence Lee Whitecotton, Sayers, Texas.

Mrs. Ballie Rutsough, Floyd, Virginia, a young farmer's wife, would like any good reading.

Two years have passed since I first wrote to you asking for reading. I have received many good papers and magazines since that time, which were a great comfort in our family and to our neighbors and friends; but for the last month I have not been getting any except *The Cheerful Letter*, which I am always proud to get. I would be glad of any good reading. I am not able to pay for reading. Mrs. Sallie Caudle, Polkton, North Carolina, Anson County.

I have a few poor children who are not able to have all they need in reading matter. The ages of the children are between two and twelve years. Any books, cards, etc., will be greatly appreciated. I am not able to buy anything for them. Mrs. J. Y. Gattoals, Highlands, Macon County, North Carolina.

Mrs. James Willis, Lignum, Virginia, a shut-in and widow, living with her brother, would enjoy good reading for the long evenings.

A copy of *The Cheerful Letter* has been shown me, and I will be so glad to become a member of your society. I was sixteen years old yesterday, and am very fond of reading, although I have never had any books of my own except school books. I have three small brothers who would like to have suitable reading. I am making a scrap-book, and would be glad of clippings or pictures for it. Address (Miss) Jimmie D. Ross, Vinton, Virginia.

Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Stella, Virginia, asks for United States History and White's "First Arithmetic."

Mrs. Rebecca Wood, Hardy, Texas, a widow for twenty years, would be glad of suitable reading.

I wish to thank the members of the Book and Magazine Club for so kindly remembering me. I wish you, one and all, a happy and prosperous new year. The reading is a godsend to us these cloudy, lonely days, and to others also; for it is all passed on to our neighbors and friends, and read many times. Could I borrow "The Virginian" from any of the members? I will take good care of it and return. I do not like to be greedy, but would be glad to get one of Miss Alcott's books or any good reading matter, and will pass it on to others. (Miss) Myrt A. Ford, Danville, Missouri.

I am a farmer's wife with a large family. We have five children, myself, my husband, and my husband's mother, who is now getting old and needs much attention. We are at a distance from church, and have no Sunday-school for our little ones to attend. I will be glad of any reading, and will pass on to others. Would like to have some reading for the children, all of whom are boys except one. Mrs. Samuel H. Ward, Max, North Carolina.

I will be glad of some novels, and magazines will be appreciated. Mrs. James Trent, Cascade, Pitsylvania County, Virginia.

Owing to severe illness last summer, I was not able to reply with personal thanks for reading received, and before I was able to write, a few of the addresses were lost, so I wish to thank those through these columns, and to tell all how much I appreciated and enjoyed what was sent me. I don't know how I should have gone through the long and tedious convalescence without reading. Will some of the friends who take the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Youth's Companion*, or *Delineator*, send me the copies after reading them? I am closely confined and entirely alone all the long evenings, and reading is a great boon to me. I shall be thankful for any good reading sent. Haven't received much of late, and miss it very much. Others enjoy what I get also. (Mrs.) Rosa Benson, Mingus, Texas.

I would be very glad to receive any reading matter, except the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I am in the country, have poor access to library. Fiction and poetry preferred. Cynthia Owen, Athens, Texas.

Miss S. Elizabeth Kelsey, 19 Cornell Street, Roslindale, Mass., asks for a copy of a "Hiawatha Primer" for her correspondent.

Mrs. J. C. Foreman, Silver, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading.

Mrs. M. Triplett, Chelsea, Indian Territory, desires good reading.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I am a poor woman living in a poor country, with my husband and son, twelve years old, trying to make a living on a farm. Our land is poor, and it is a hard struggle for us to make a living. We live in a lonely place, four miles from the town of Stuart, so you may know we spend many lonely hours. I am sixty years old, and afflicted with rheumatism. I have been getting *The Cheerful Letter* for some time, and thank you very much for it. Have received no books or reading for some time. Would be thankful if some one would send me something to read, also some books and cards for my son. Mrs. Sarah E. Wigginton, Stuart, Patrick County, Virginia.

I wish to thank you all for the many good thoughts of me and mine in the past, for through you we have had many good and pleasant hours reading the literature you have sent us. We have not received any books or papers for over a year; but we have moved from Stella to Lawton, Oklahoma, and now *The Cheerful Letter* has made its welcome appearance. We would be glad to have the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Youth's Companion*, or any other literature: after it has been read, we will pass it on to others. I would also like a standard dictionary and a reference Bible. We live among the Indians here: they are quite a peculiar people, but are slowly coming into civilized ways. Some are being educated very nicely, while some seem to be very indolent, and will not take up with civilized ways even after they have been educated. L. J. Wilson, Lawton, Oklahoma.

I want to thank the Cheerful Letter Club for a few good books and reading I have received, but take this medium of asking for more. I have two precious little girls, eleven and six years old, and one little boy, four. I am not able to buy all the reading I want for the girls and myself, and will be

more than grateful for anything good and interesting that any member may send. We will pass it on, as we have a great many poor people very near us, living around two large cotton mills. Hoping to receive some recognition in this request, as I am a *Cheerful Letter* reader of two years, (Mrs.) C. E. Flowers, Granite Falls, North Carolina.

Mrs. M. L. Daniel, Farmville, Virginia, asks for the "Common-sense Cook Book," and a farm journal, or something on the care of poultry.

Miss Angie Hicks, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, asks for *Munsey's Magazine* and *Youth's Companion*.

I have charge of some factory churches many of the members unable to buy literature. I am sure they would enjoy anything you may be able to give them. If you will send me some literature, I will distribute it among them as judiciously as I can. Address Rev. F. W. Bennett, Wake Forest, North Carolina.

[It is a good plan to lend books when possible.—EDITOR.]

I received a package of magazines recently, which I appreciate highly as good reading matter for my own family; and I intend that others—a number of poor families around here—shall have the benefit of them also. Any good reading at any time, I assure you, will be gratefully received and distributed also. F. W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

I want to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends who have sent me so much reading matter. I want especially to thank the friend who sent me the sermons in pamphlet form and the little paper. I enjoy *The Cheerful Letter* magazine so much. Would like some reading for small children. Hope the friends will send more of the sermons and papers. The children enjoyed the paper so much, as it was for children. Virginia A. Taylor, Gidsville, Amherst County, Virginia.

Mrs. Bettie Maske, Polkton, North Carolina, asks for a "Physical Geography."

I come again after a great while, asking the kind friends for reading to while away the many lonesome hours this winter and

to keep my mind occupied. Books of a good character will be acceptable. I would also like *Youth's Companion*. My little crippled boy, Tutt, is in a hospital to be treated for paralysis; and any little game that could be sent him I would appreciate very much. He will be there till June. His address is 3100 Pine Street, St. Louis. My address is still the same, Mrs. Roy Thompson, White Mound, Texas.

Bessie E. Bundy, Alta Vista, Kansas, an invalid confined to her bed, will be very thankful for any reading.

It has been a long time since I saw a copy of your magazine: still, I remember with pleasure the happy moments the members of the Book Club have given me. I am again teaching in a public school, and find it harder under the new law than it used to be. I shall be very glad to get books on pedagogy and theory and practice of teaching. If any one could send me *Current Events* a week late, I should be glad to get it. I should like to have "The Leopard's Spots." "Educational Foundations" would also be helpful in my work. I should like to have copies of the *Youth's Companion* or story papers for my "Third Reader" class. Address (Miss) Mattie Sale, Dellaplane, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

I should be very, very glad to get any reading matter, as we live in the country, some distance from church or post-office, and have very little to read; and reading is our only amusement. Mrs. M. Garret, Pine Grove, Henderson County, Texas.

I shall be thankful for some nice reading, suitable for myself and sister. I would also like to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends near my age. I am fifteen years, and Lucy, my youngest sister, is eleven years old. Address (Miss) Kate Joyce, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

I have been handed a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*, and am requested by a poor family to send their name on for reading. There is a father, mother, and seven children; and of the nine but one can write, and she not very well. Three of them are in school now. They would be glad of school-books. The mother's address is Mrs. Sarah Sikes, Peachland, North Carolina.

My little girl of eight often begs for story-books. I am not able to buy them for her. I am a widow, have three children, all girls. Mrs. Sallie Ashford, Peachland, North Carolina.

Mr. T. F. Dillon, Boxwood, North Carolina, who is crippled with rheumatism, asks for reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MORAL SUASION.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

... Miss Lavinia did not care much to have children about. She said very few knew how to behave themselves at all properly nowadays; and no wonder, they were so badly brought up.

She had read all the modern books about education and the faults of parents, and the folly of Solomon and other old fogies, who held that childish wills should be kept in subjection.

Little did Miss Lavinia imagine what Tom, the errand-boy, was fetching her from the post-office that very moment. She saw him coming, and was glad; but, if she had guessed at the contents of his pocket, and the trouble and vexation that they were to cause her, I think she would have tied her bonnet on and fled, leaving the fatal letter forever unopened.

Her eyes opened wide with dismay as she read the following lines, written in so great a hurry as to be almost illegible:—

Dear Aunt,—I write to tell you what trouble we are in. Alfred has not been well all summer, and last week he had quite a severe hemorrhage from the lungs. The doctor tells us we must go to the South of France for the winter, and we must start at once, so as to have the voyage over before the equinoctial. If we do this, the doctor thinks there is a fair chance of Alfred's getting entirely well. Our great difficulty is about the children. They cannot go with us, both on account of the expense and because Alfred needs every moment of my time. In this emergency I turn to you as to my only hope. You have so often said you would like to take charge of a family of little ones for a time that perhaps the request will not seem quite so dreadful to you as it would to some people: still, I feel

that it is asking a great deal. If only you will take them, I give you free leave to try any experiments you like, as to discipline and moral culture (you won't let them catch cold or eat improperly, I know); and I shall love you and be grateful to you all my life. Telegraph "Yes": don't telegraph "No," dear aunt, or I shall go distracted.

Your affectionate
MATILDA.

P. S. I forgot to say that I shall send the children up next Saturday unless you forbid it.

"Good gracious!" said Miss Lavinia, as she finished. "There's no help for it, of course. I must take the children. As the poor soul says, I am the only person she has to turn to."

She looked about her rather ruefully. She was thinking of the children's last visit. Matty had a trick of walking over the flower-beds; and Reggy was forever falling into the water, and giving her dreadful frights. "But they are two years older now," she said to herself, "and better behaved, no doubt. Besides, I shall mend all that," she thought. "Matilda's whole system with the children is fundamentally wrong. She punishes them simply to relieve her own feelings of irritation. It never occurs to her to appeal to their consciences or reasoning powers. I shall treat them quite differently, and they are so little used to being dealt with like rational creatures that it will make the more impression on their minds. I don't believe I shall have the slightest trouble, and it will probably be a benefit for life to the poor little things to come for once under a really good influence."

Miss Lavinia herself went to the station to meet the children. Old nurse, who had her hands full, looked much relieved at seeing Miss Masters on the platform, ready to lift the little ones down.

That evening, after supper was finished, she called the four elder ones out to the piazza (the baby she judiciously concluded was too young to be reasoned with), and proceeded to explain herself.

"You know, my dears," she said, "that you are come to stay with me for a long time. Now, if we are to live happily together, we ought to begin by understanding each other. I am a great deal older than you are, am I not?"

"Oh, my! yes," said Matty; while Reggy, opening his eyes very wide, answered, "Lots!"

"Well, being older, I am, of course, wiser. I have lived long enough to find out many things of which, of course, you can know nothing. This gives me the right to advise you. Older people know better than children what ought to be done."

"Pa said once that a smart boy of seven was worth two such donkeys as Judge Perry," remarked Reggy.

"Yes, and older people aren't *always* wiser; for there is Mrs. Gregory, who is ever so old, and mamma told Aunt Helen that she was the silliest old thing she ever knew,—not much better than an idiot," put in Matty. "I heard mamma say so my own self."

"Bless me! What sharp little wretches they are!" mused Miss Lavina. "Alfred and Matilda seem to have talked before them in a very improper way: one can't be too careful."

"It is true that some older people are wiser than others," she said aloud. "But the foolishlest grown person that ever lived knows more than any child can possibly know," which idea was so new and striking that it reduced the children to silence. "Now I want to tell you what my plans are about your lessons and play-times," she continued. "I have engaged a very nice young lady to come every morning and teach you."

"What's her name?" demanded Matty.

"Miss Annie Grace. She will come here at half-past nine, and go away at half-past twelve."

Reggy scowled, but neither of the children said anything.

"One of the happiest things in the world is regular occupation," went on Miss Lavina. "You will all enjoy yourselves much more for having regular work-time. After dinner I shall let you go out to play until about five o'clock: then you must come in and be dressed for tea; and after tea I will read aloud while Matty sews, and you boys—let me see, what can you do, Reggy? Can you carve?"

"I can whittle a little, but I have not got any knife now," replied Reggy, omitting to explain that his knife had been lately taken from him because of his having "whittled" the leg of a rosewood chair.

"I will get you a knife, then, and some nice bits of wood," went on his unsuspecting aunt. "There is nothing like teaching a boy the use of his fingers. Jack and Archie are perhaps a little young to learn carving, so I will teach them how to weave paper mats as they do in the kindergartens. That will be very nice for all of us. Two languages beside your own, an art, and a handicraft make an education, Ruskin says,—or, stay, I am not sure that it was Ruskin: it may have been somebody else. Never deviate from the truth, children, even in the smallest particulars. You see how I stop and correct myself when I am not certain of my facts."

"Never what?" whispered Matty to her brother.

"Never ruskinate from truth. What long words she does use!" replied Reggy, in another whisper.

"So, dear children, it is all settled," said Miss Lavina,—*"our hours of study, our play hours, our hours of reading and pretty handiwork; and we will try to be very happy together. If you are ever puzzled at what I say, come to me, and I will explain it to you. And I want you to obey, not because you are afraid I shall punish you,—for I never shall: I do not approve of punishments,—but because in your hearts you feel that I am in the right. If you do wrong, your own soul and conscience will punish you far harder than I could."*

"Shan't you ever whip us—not really and truly?" demanded Reggy, unable to believe in such good luck as to be left entirely to the tender mercies of his own soul and conscience.

"No, my dear, never! Whipping hurts the body a little, but that is all. Wouldn't you rather be whipped a dozen times over than feel deep down in your heart the horrible sense that you have done something that is wicked?"

Reggy shifted uneasily from foot to foot, but made no reply. In his heart he was not sure that he should prefer the dozen whippings.

"Now," said Miss Lavina, happily convinced that her eloquence had taken effect, "now I should advise you to go to bed, so as to wake quite fresh to-morrow, ready to enjoy the long, beautiful day."

The others went, but Matty lingered.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," she said. "Can't I sit up a little longer?"

"It would be better to go now. You have had a long journey to-day, and must be tired."

"I don't feel tired," persisted Matty, who was naturally of an obstinate disposition.

"Perhaps not, but you will to-morrow. Take my advice, dear, and go now."

But Matty, finding that argument was tolerated, persisted in staying till old nurse appeared in the hall with an authoritative summons. "Miss Matty, I'm waiting for you. Come at once."

Then, the habit of obedience prevailing, she jumped up and ran in. Miss Lavinia was relieved to have her go: still, she said to herself: "I don't like that peremptory tone of Sarah's. I must speak to her on the subject."

She did speak next day, but very little satisfaction was to be got out of Sarah.

"Why, bless you, Miss Masters, the day'd have to be forty-eight hours long if I'd got to stop and reconcile them children to doing all the things they ought to do. You don't know them, ma'am. Miss Matty now, she'd argue over each of her stockings before she'd put 'em on, if I'd let her; and Jack's a child that's never safe unless you see him. No, no: word-and-mind-me is my motto with children and always has been; and I'm too old to change now."

"Well, Sarah, please to understand one thing," said Miss Lavinia, with decision. "So long as the children remain in my care, they are not to be punished by you or any one else. I am utterly and totally opposed to whipping. A child's body is a sacred thing, which should never be insulted by a rude touch; and I will not have it done in my house."

"As you like, ma'am," muttered Sarah; but she said to herself afterward, with grim satisfaction: "Fine times we shall have! Children's bodies ain't too sacred to get into mischief, so I don't see why they're too sacred to be slapped for it. Just let her wait till she's got Reggy on her hands in one of his tantrums, and we'll see how them grand ideas of hers wash. She'll be glad enough to punish then, or I'll miss my guess; and, once she begins, she'll be harder on 'em than Miss Matilda ever was, that's the way it always goes."

For the first week or two things went smoothly enough. The novelty of the place kept the children amused; and Miss Grace was a pleasant, cheerful person, and made lesson-time as agreeable as lesson-times ever can be. She saw symptoms now and then which made her sure that the children would not always be so docile as they seemed at present. In fact, just then they were rather in the state of mind of a horse whose curb-bit has suddenly snapped in two. He only half understands what has happened; and it is not until he has tried some small experiments, such as tossing his head and prancing, that he makes sure that he is free to run away if he likes to do so.

So it was with the little Hazards. They had not been brought up more strictly than other children, but they had the habit of obedience. Mrs. Hazard did not like punishments any more than did her aunt, but she held that they were necessary now and then.

"A child is like a little boat," she once said. "His will is the rudder. Till he can manage it for himself, I must manage it for him. It is a great deal less cruel to make him accept this fact than to leave him to himself with the forlorn sense of being out all alone on the sea, with no one to take charge of him. Just as soon as he is strong enough to take the helm, I shall let go; but till then I must keep firm hold."

But now the "firm hold" was relaxed, and the children felt the change. Gradually the spirit of disobedience took possession of them. Nurse scolded; but she was not allowed to threaten or to punish, so her scolding counted for little. Miss Lavinia "reasoned" sometimes with good results, but more often with none. The children were not particularly fond of her as yet, so that she could not govern them by the law of love, as their mother might have done; and they soon ceased to be in the least afraid of her. After a while, I am sorry to say, it began to seem great fun to them to defy their aunt. Matty, who loved to dispute, would stand for an hour battling over such petty matters as to whether she should or should not put on her India-rubbers, or wear a shade hat, or have her hair brushed for tea. Here is a specimen of one of these disputes.

Scene, the piazza. A thick sea-fog blow-

ing up from the sea. Matty standing in the damp grass; Miss Lavinia on the steps, very uncomfortable.

"You really ought to come in, Matty: you have a little cold, already, you know."

"Oh, no, aunty, I haven't any cold."

"But I heard you sneeze half a dozen times last night."

"That was only because something tickled in my nose."

"But, really, even if you have no cold, it is not prudent for you to be out there. With those thin boots, too! Really, it is *very* imprudent."

"These are not my really thin boots, you know, aunty: these are my half-and-halves. I only wear the really thin ones when I'm dressed up."

"They are thin enough to let the damp through to your feet, my dear. Now, Matty, be reasonable, my child. Don't you see that you are making me anxious?"

"But, aunty, why are you anxious? Mamma said once that it was wrong to worry about trifles. My feet are as warm as a toast,—really and truly they are. And I want to go across to the petunia bed and get a red and white striped one for Archie. I promised it to him."

"O my child! You'll be sopping wet if you go all the way across the lawn to that bed. Come back, and I'll send Tom round to pick you the petunia."

"He won't know which kind I want, aunty. And, besides, I'd rather go myself. The grass isn't wet at all,—only just the least bit."

"Matty, you are not using your reason."

"Oh, yes, I am, aunty. You aren't out here, so you can't tell how dry the grass is!" And off ran Matty. She was very hoarse that evening; and Miss Lavinia, in a dreadful fright as to croup, sent for the doctor.

"Why, what a silly little girl you must be to go and wet your feet in the damp grass when your aunt told you not to!" remarked the doctor, when he heard the story.

"She didn't tell me not to: she only *advised* me," replied Matty, quite alive to the difference.

"Oh, that was it, was it? What a silly little girl you must be, then, not to take advice!"

"Aunty doesn't always know," observed Miss Matty, perty.

"Ah! She is different from me, then. I always know; and what I know is this,—that you must take this medicine regularly and make no fuss, or I shall have to come and put it down your throat myself," said the old doctor, who was used to strict obedience from his own children.

"How will you do it"? asked Miss Matty.

"Hold your nose," answered Dr. Green, briefly.

Susan Coolidge.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CARE OF THE CAT.

(Concluded.)

More than any other beast, the cat needs gentle treatment. Ages of persecution have made him suspicious, and it will require ages of kindness to eradicate that trait from his character. He is, therefore, on the lookout for injustice and cruelty. A rough word makes him shrink as from a blow: harsh reproof strikes upon his sensitive nerves with terrible effect. He must be won by gentleness and loving care before he will be convinced of the friendship of a human being and be his natural self, and he must not be blamed for it either: it is the fault of the race which has so long ill-treated him. He cannot, like the dog, take good will for granted, because the whole experience of his life teaches him otherwise.

His confidence won, however, no pet is so delightful, in a quiet-loving home, as the cat; and the difference between one thus treated and the ordinary beast is marvellous. "His gestures and actions," says Rev. J. G. Wood, describing his own pet cat, "are full of that spirited yet easy grace which can never be attained by any creature, be it man, beast, or bird, which has once learned to crouch in terror, and to fear a harsh tone or an uplifted hand. And, further, the fearless, confiding movements, the clear open glance, and intelligent expression of a well-treated cat are so different from the furtive, scared look of a poor animal that is hunted about and kicked out of the way, that the two seem hardly to belong to the same species. The wild savage, whose education is a perpetual distrust of everybody and everything, is not more un-

like the high-born and accomplished European gentleman than an ill-used cat unlike one treated kindly."

Their confidence won, the individuality of cats is marked: they differ as greatly as children, and should be treated accordingly. I had in my home, at one time, two cats so nearly alike that without seeing the face and its expression they could not be told apart. They were Maltese, with silvery tips to their exquisite fur. One was emphatically an aristocrat, who lived in the parlor, slept by preference on a satin-covered mantel, and was most dainty in her tastes and manners: the other, equally well treated, took naturally to the kitchen, and was happiest there.

The above-quoted good friend of the feline race, who has often used his pen in their service, advises that, if a cat needs correction, it should be given in such a way that it will appear to be the natural result of his deed and not a punishment at the hands of man. For example, a cat was cured of killing chickens by having one he had killed securely bound into his open mouth, and kept there for some time.

It is a bad plan to let a cat go out with a collar or a ribbon on. It is apt to catch in something, and choke the wearer.* I have known of one or two deaths by hanging from this cause.

To keep this charming pet in health, it is well, in addition to proper food and air and a comfortable bed, to have a pot of growing grass where it is always accessible, at least in city homes, where the natural article is not always to be found.

If a cat is really ill, he should be treated as a human patient is treated, kept quiet and warm, and have medicine suited to his disorder. The most convenient and easily administered is the homeopathic. To insure the swallowing of doses having a familiar or an unpleasant taste requires tact and some labor. The animal must be wrapped up closely, so that he cannot use his claws to protect himself from what he considers an outrage, his mouth opened, the medicine poured down, and his head held up till the dose is swallowed; and the excitement of all this is apt to aggravate his illness.

An English lady who is learned in cat-

lore, and has written a book upon the subject, recommends for delirium and fits a gentle aperient; and I will add that one can be brought out of a fit with ether or chloroform.

For distemper, which begins with vomiting of bright yellow frothy liquid, give at once an emetic, such as salt and water (or the homeopathic equivalent). After the salt and water has served its purpose, a soothing dose is advised of half a teaspoonful of melted beef marrow, free from skin, and not too hot. It may be necessary to repeat this treatment.

In "cat-pox," in which the hair falls off, should be administered a cooling diet and plenty of grass, while the spots are rubbed with flower of brimstone mixed with lard which has no salt. This will cure eruptions; and, as the patient licks it, he will swallow some, which will do him good.

It is a cruel thing to take a whole litter of kittens away from the mother at once. It should be done gradually, or else one left for her to bring up. Putting the cat's feelings out of the question, her physical system suffers.

I cannot close the subject of our treatment of the cat without a protest against an unkindness, to say the least of it, which we see perpetrated every summer. How many families do we see in the city who pack up their belongings and depart, bag and baggage, children, servants, and even dogs, and turn the key upon the family cat, who has just as strong a claim on them as the dog, and just as much right to be provided for as he! Do they ever give a thought to the abandoned wretch, forced to spend his days on back fences, his nights where he can, to have no shade from the heat, no refuge from street boys, no water to drink, and to steal or starve through the long summer months, while the family are enjoying themselves in the country? Let nobody say the cat would not go. If well treated, and therefore fond of the family, he would be glad to go; and it would be far kinder to put him forever to sleep with chloroform than to abandon him to the life of a vagabond.

Moreover, besides the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which in our larger cities will mercifully dispose of inconvenient pets, there is now, at least in

*In the country there may be some danger. It is almost necessary for a cat who lives in a city to wear a collar.

New York, a summer boarding-house for cats; and almost every family knows some person who would gladly care for the animal through the summer for so small a sum as twenty-five cents per week. It fairly rends the heart of a friend of the gentle beast to see the homeless, suffering, starved specimens of cathood that haunt the area doors and the back yards, half dead and wholly wretched, through the summer months of rest and travel.—“*Our Home Pets*,” Olive Thorne Miller.

GOVERNOR ANDREW.

(Continued from February Number.)

Once, when he was with us at our summer home, my husband suddenly proposed that we should hold a Sunday service in the shade of our beautiful valley. This was on the Sunday morning itself, and the time admitted of no preparation. I had with me neither hymnal nor book of sermons, and was rather at a loss how to carry out my husband's design. The governor at once came to my assistance. He gave the Scripture lessons from memory, and deaconed out the lines of a favorite hymn,—

“The dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home.”

This we sang to the best of our ability. The governor had in memory some writing of his own appropriate to the occasion; and, all joining in the Lord's Prayer, the simple and beautiful rite was accomplished.

The record of our State during the war was a proud one. The repeated calls for men and for money were always promptly and generously answered. And this promptness was greatly forwarded by the energy and patriotic vigilance of the governor. I heard much of this at the time, especially from my husband, who was greatly attached to the governor, and who himself took an intense interest in all the operations of the war.

I am glad to remember that our house was one of the places in which Governor Andrew used to take refuge, when the need of rest became imperative. Having, perhaps, passed much of the night at the State House, receiving telegrams and issuing orders, he would sometimes lie down on a sofa in my

drawing-room, and snatch a brief nap before dinner would be announced. I was in Washington several times when he was there; and I owe to him the great interest of an interview with the President, Abraham Lincoln, which he arranged for Dr. Howe and myself. It is pleasant to me to remember these two men together. The time was at the very height of the war, and, I may add, at the very depth of its discouragements. The President's face was in shadow, his blue eyes kindly in expression, but very grave. Andrew's face was luminous, as it always was, with the geniality of his sanguine temperament, which was maintained by his absolute faith in the triumph of principles.

I remember that the governor was sometimes impatient of the easy manner in which Mr. Seward would talk of the then state of things, saying: “This war cannot possibly last. It is like a quarrel between my wife and me. It must be made up very soon.” We all remember how little this prophecy of prompt termination fulfilled itself.

The governor had many personal friends in Washington. Among these was the aged statesman, Montgomery Blair. I had the pleasure of dining at Silver Spring, Mr. Blair's residence, in company with the Governor and Mrs. Andrew.

I seemed to live in and along with the war, while it was in progress, and to follow all its ups and downs, its good and ill fortune, with these two brave men, Dr. Howe and Governor Andrew. Neither of them for a moment doubted the final result of the struggle, but with both I was often very sad and much discouraged. Andrew was especially distressed at the disastrous retreat in the Wilderness, when medicines, stores, and even wounded soldiers were necessarily left behind. He said of this, “When I read the accounts of it, I thought the bottom had dropped out of everything.” He was not alone in feeling thus.

While Governor Andrew held himself at the command of the government, and was ready to answer every call from the White House with his presence, he was no less persistent in the visitations required in his own State. Of some of these I can speak from personal experience, having often had the pleasure of accompanying him and Mrs. Andrew in such excursions. I went twice

with the gubernatorial party to attend the Agricultural Fair at Barnstable. The first time we were the guests of Mr. Finney, the veteran editor of a Barnstable paper. On another occasion we visited Berkshire, and were entertained at Greenfield, North Adams, and Stockbridge. Dress parades were usually held at these times. How well I have in mind the governor's appearance, as, in his military cloak, wearing scrupulously white kid gloves, he walked from rank to rank, receiving the salute of the men, and returning it with great good-humor! He evidently enjoyed these meetings very much. His staff consisted of several young men of high position in the community, who were most agreeable companions,—John Quincy Adams, Henry Lee, handsome Harry Ritchie, and one or two others whose names I do not recall. In the jollity of these outings the governor did not forget to visit the public institutions, prisons, reform schools, insane asylums, etc. His presence carried cheer and sunshine into the most dreary places, and his deep interest in humanity made itself felt everywhere.

From an early period in the war he saw that the emancipation of the negroes of the South was imperatively demanded to insure the success of the North. It had always been a moral obligation. It had now become a military necessity. When the act was consummated, he not only rejoiced in it, but bent all his energies upon the support of the President in an act so daring and so likely to be deprecated by the half-hearted. His efforts to this end were not confined to his own State. He did much to promote unity of opinion and concert in action among the governors of other States. He strongly advocated the organization of colored regiments, and the first of these that reached the field of battle came from his State.

All of us, I suppose, have met with people who are democratic in theory, but who in practical life prefer to remain in relation mostly with individuals of their own or a superior class. Our great governor's democracy was not founded on intellectual conviction alone. It was a democracy of taste and of feeling. I say of taste, because he discerned the beauty of life which is often found among the lowly, the faithfulness of servants, the good ambition of working people to do their best with hammer and

saw, with needle and thread. He earnestly desired that people of all degrees, high and low, rich and poor, should enjoy the blessings of civilization, should have their position of use and of honor in the great human brotherhood. And it was this sweet and sincere humanity of heart which gave him so wide and varied a sphere of influence. He could confer with the cook in her kitchen, with the artisan at his task, with the convict in his cell, and always leave behind him an impression of kindness and sympathy. I have often in my mind compared society to a vast orchestra, which, properly led, gives forth a heavenly music, and which, ill conducted, utters only harsh and discordant sounds. The true leader of the orchestra has the music in his mind. He can read the intricate scroll which is set up before him; and so the army of melody responds to his tap, and instrument after instrument wakes at his bidding and is silent at his command.

I cannot help thinking of Governor Andrew as such a leader. In his heart he had written the music of the law of love. Before his eyes was the scroll of the great designs of Providence. And so, being at peace in himself, he promoted peace and harmony among those with whom he had to do, unanimity of action during the war, unanimity of consent and of rejoicing when peace came.

So beneficent a presence has rarely shown itself among us. I trust that something of its radiance will continue to enlighten our national counsels and to cheer our hearts with the great hope which made him great. *Julia Ward Howe, in the Christian Register.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Contributions to this column may be sent to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.]

I.

Dress Materials.

(Ex. False hair plus a girl's name. *Ans.* Wigan. A large plant plus a company. *Ans.* Tricot.)

1. Arrived plus building material.
2. A noise made by a cat plus a vegetable.
3. Seated plus a tavern.
4. A dude plus a lake.

5. Money plus a lake.
6. A boy's name plus a girl's name.
7. Disorder plus a city in Massachusetts.
8. A musical instrument plus a river.
9. Knocked into pieces plus help.

(St. Nicholas.)

II.

A Variety of Gates.

(Ex. A massed gate. Ans. Aggregate.)

1. A moist gate.
2. An abolished gate.
3. The gate of conventions.
4. The gate of conquerors.
5. The gate of the legatee.
6. The disinfected gate.
7. A many-colored gate.
8. A gate of relief.
9. A Biblical gate.
10. A quartz gate.
11. A gate used by the haughty.
12. A disparaging gate.

(St. Nicholas.)

III.

Riddle.

I'm vegetable, mineral, alkaline, and acid;
I'm found on frowning seaside cliffs, in
sunny groves so placid;

I can cause a burn or cure one;
I eat and I am eaten;
I make a pleasant drink for you
If you water well and sweeten;
I help to build your houses; I help to
raise your crops;
I come in blocks and bottle, in powder,
bags, and drops.

(St. Nicholas.)

IV.

Labyrinth of Proverbs.

By starting at a certain letter and following a certain regular path three familiar proverbs may be spelled.

W B R O O M S S W
E I N K T W I C E
N H H O S E W E E
E T T A R E H B P
C R S E N S O E C
N A A N O O W F L
O E F A E D I O E
K H T O N L L R A
A E P S U O Y E N

Answers to Puzzles in February Number.

I.

Riddle.

Aspirate, spirate, pirate, irate, rate, ate.

II.

Rhyming Blanks.

Hound, sound, around, ground, mound,
bound, found, pound, wound.

III.

Numerical Enigma.

Little Lord Fauntleroy.

IV.

Enigma.

Cat.

V.

Pi.

Heap up the fire more cheerily,
We'll hail the new year early.
The old one has gone fairly,
A right good year and true.
We've had some pleasant rambles,
And merry Christmas gambols,
And roses with our brambles,
Adieu, old year, adieu!

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. David Knox, formerly Escondido,
California, now 2861 Folsom Street, San
Francisco, California.

Mrs. J. B. Kline, formerly 1618 West
Sixth Avenue, Topeka, Kansas, now 803
Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, 406 Spruce Street,
Atlantic, Iowa.

Those who desire to send literature to
Fort Sill, Oklahoma, may send it to the care
of Charles Morton, lieutenant colonel, 8th
Cavalry.

In sending books or magazines to the
soldiers at the Philippines, please remember
that they do not care for *old* periodicals, and
probably would not read them. These
soldiers are mostly young men, who crave
intelligence from home, and are interested
in public questions. Good magazines of the
current year, or only one year old; such
weeklies as the *Outlook* or *Nation*, etc.
Standard novels of wholesome character,
but brightly written, are best for this
purpose.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, March 6, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M. All persons interested are cordially invited.

Please notice the change of address of our secretary, Miss Langmaid, to 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass. All who desire correspondents are reminded to write directly to Miss Langmaid.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden St., Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.